

DECEMBER

# Jacksonville

"THE PRIOR OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

Vol. 17.—No. 49.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA., TUESDAY DEC. 13, 1853.

Whole No. 288

EDITED, PRINTED, AND PUBLISHED, BY  
J. F. GRANT,  
At \$2 a year in advance, or \$3 at the  
end of the year.

A failure to give notice of a wish to  
discontinue will be considered an en-  
gagement for the next.  
No paper discontinued until all ar-  
rearages are paid.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.  
One dollar per square of 12 lines or  
less for the first insertion, and fifty cents  
per square for each continuance.  
Personal advertisements double the  
foregoing rates.  
Announcement of Candidates \$3.  
Circulars of Candidates 50 cents per  
square.

## GREAT DEPOT OF BOOKS & STATIONERY.

CARVER & RYLAND, NO. 34  
DAUPHIN STREET.

KEEP constantly on hand a  
large supply of books in the various  
departments of the Sciences, Arts, Liter-  
ature, &c., and are constantly receiving  
all the New Books of value and impor-  
tance, as they are issued from the vari-  
ous Publishing Houses of the country.

They also keep a large and complete  
stock of Stationery and Fancy Stationery,  
embracing English, French and Ameri-  
can Cap, Letter and Note Paper, En-  
velopes, Quill Pens, Gold Pens, Water-  
ink, &c.; Mathematical Instruments,  
Water Colors, Drawing Paper, &c.,  
Blank Books of all styles and sizes.

We have in operation a large Blank  
Book Manufactory, and are prepared to  
execute all kinds of Blank Book work,  
embracing Loggers, Journals, Records,  
Cash, and other Books.

Pamphlets, Music, &c., bound at the  
shortest notice; Old Books re-bound,  
&c. We keep constantly on hand a  
large supply of Printing Paper, Printing  
Ink, &c. &c.

Dealers from the interior would  
do well to call and examine our exten-  
sive Stock, as in point of variety, mod-  
erate prices, &c. we cannot be excelled.  
Remember to call at their Splendid  
Establishment, at No. 34, Dauphin  
Street.

December 7, 1852.

## JOHN I. THOMASON, Attorney at Law,

AND  
Solicitor in Chancery.

WILL give prompt attention to  
all business entrusted to his  
care in the counties of Jefferson,  
Blount, Marshall, DeKalb, Chero-  
kee, Benton and St. Clair, and in  
the Supreme Court of the State.  
Office at ASHVILLE, St. Clair coun-  
ty, Ala. March 8, 1853

## B. T. POPE, Attorney at Law,

ASHVILLE, ALABAMA.

WILL hereafter attend the Cir-  
cuit courts of Benton, Chero-  
kee, Jackson and Marshall, and as  
heretofore, the Circuit and Chancery  
courts of St. Clair, Blount and  
DeKalb counties, and the Supreme  
court of the State.  
Oct. 21, 1851. 1y

## JAMES MARTIN, Attorney and Counsellor at Law & Soli- citor in Chancery.

WILL practice in Randolph and  
the adjoining counties, and in  
the Supreme Court of the State at  
Montgomery.

Address, (pre-paid.) Oakfuskee,  
Randolph county, Ala.  
March 22, —1y.

## Law Notice.

T. A. CANTREL & S. H. LIXENS,  
Attorneys at Law & Solicitors in Chan-  
cery. Office in Oxford, Ala.

## Martin & Forney, ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

WILL practice in all the courts  
in the counties of Benton,  
Cherokee, DeKalb, St. Clair, Ran-  
dolph and Talladega, and in the  
Supreme Court of the State.  
Office formerly occupied by  
Walker & Martin.

JAS. B. MARTIN, January 1, '53.  
WM. H. FORNEY, 1y

## Walden & McSpadden, ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

AND  
Solicitors in Chancery.

WILL practice in the several  
Courts of Cherokee, Benton,  
St. Clair, DeKalb, Marshall and  
Jackson.

Office at Centre, Cherokee Co.,  
Ala. January 13, 1852.

## Administratrix Notice.

THE undersigned having been  
appointed Administratrix of the  
estate of Stephen Knight, dec'd,  
by the Probate Court of St. Clair  
County, Ala. on the 14th day of  
October, 1853; all persons having  
claims against said estate are her-  
by notified to present them, legally  
authenticated within the time pre-  
scribed by law, or they will be  
barred; and all persons indebted  
to said estate are requested to make  
payment.  
MILBREY KNIGHT, Adm.  
May, 3, 1853.

## Through fare from Charleston to Baltimore \$15.00, to Phil- adelphia \$17.50 and to New York \$20.

The great Mail Route from  
Charleston, S. C.

LEAVING the Wharf at the foot of  
Laurens st. daily, after the arrival of  
the Southern Cars, via Wilmington, N. C.,  
from which point two daily trains are  
despatched at 8 A. M. and 2 P. M.; the  
S. O'clock, only connecting at Weldon  
N. C. with the Seaboard and Roanoke  
Rail Road to Norfolk, hence by steamers  
to Baltimore, and both trains connect-  
ing at Weldon with the lines to Peters-  
burg, Richmond, Washington, Balti-  
more, Philadelphia and New York.

The public is respectfully informed  
that the steamers of these lines are in  
first rate condition, and are navigated by  
well known and experienced command-  
ers, and the Railroads are in fine order  
(the Wilmington and Weldon, as well  
as the Seaboard and Roanoke having  
been recently re-laid with heavy T rail  
thoroughly securing both safety and des-  
patch. By these routes passengers avoid  
themselves of the first train may reach  
Baltimore in 40 hours, Philadelphia in  
45 hours, and New York in 50 hours; and  
by the second train they arrive in  
Baltimore in 50 hours, Philadelphia in  
55 hours, and New York in 61 hours.

Through Tickets can alone be had  
from E. WINSTON,  
Agent of the Wilmington and Raleigh  
Railroad Company, at the office of the  
Company, foot of Laurens st. Charleston,  
S. C. to whom please apply.  
March 20, 1852.

## M. P. STOVALL, Warehouse & Commission Merchant,

AUGUSTA, GA.

CONTINGUES the business, in  
all its branches, in the ex-  
tensive Fire Proof Warehouse, on  
Jackson street, near the Globe Hotel,  
and formerly occupied by Walker &  
Bryson.

Having ample facilities for business,  
and the disposition to extend every ac-  
commodation to his customers, he pledges  
his strict personal attention to the in-  
terests of all those who may favor him  
with patronage.

Orders for FAMILY SUPPLIES,  
BAGGING, &c., promptly and carefully  
filled, at the lowest market prices.  
August 29th 1853.

## SPLENDID PLANTATION FOR SALE.

I will sell my plantation  
lying near and at Spring-  
ville, and extending from  
12 to 15 miles West of Ashville  
St. Clair county Ala. containing  
1550 Acres 450 in a high state of  
cultivation, with two good im-  
proved settlements, good dwell-  
ing houses, negro and out houses  
the tract may be divided into sev-  
eral settlements if desired, the tract  
abounds in good and never  
failing springs, the lands are gen-  
erally red, or chocolate color and  
produce Cotton, Corn, Wheat,  
Oats &c., equal to any in this  
latitude.

The stock, Corn and Fodder will  
be sold with the plantation if de-  
sired—I will sell all or a part of  
those lands. For terms apply to  
Hon. Jno I. Thomason at Ashville  
or to the subscriber on the prem-  
ises.

JAS. THOMASON,  
Springville, St. Clair County, Ala.  
Oct. the 4th 1853.

## COSGROVE & BRENNAN WHOLESALE DEALERS IN Foreign and Domestic DRY GOODS.

Near the Mansion House, Formerly  
by Kears and Hope's, Broad  
Street, Augusta, Ga.  
Goods sold 10 per cent under Charleston pri-  
ces for cash. May 16, 1853—1y.

## SCRUGGS, DRAKE & CO., Commission Merchants.

KEEP an office in  
Charleston, Ala. where they  
will be prepared to make liberal  
advances on Cotton or other  
Produce consigned to their Office.

Refer to E. L. Woodward, who  
will also make advances on Cotton  
shipped to the above named House.  
Oct 18, 1853.—1y.

## HUGH MONTGOMERY, ATTORNEY AT LAW & SOLI- CITOR IN CHANCERY.

HAVING located in Oxford, Ben-  
ton County, Ala. will give  
prompt attention to all business  
entrusted to his management.  
May 3, 1853—1y.

## Whitley & Ellis, HAVE associated themselves in the Practice of the Law.

Office Row, No. 3, Jacksonville,  
Alabama.  
G. C. WHITLEY, January 5, '52.  
S. C. ELLIS, 1y

## POETRY.

### A CONFESSION.

BY R. WACO.

It was even, and the shadows  
Of the dreamy twilight fell  
On the mountains, and the meadows,  
With a kind of mystic spell.

Balmly zephyrs were stealing  
Through the bosom of the flowers,  
And the night-bird's song was pealing  
From the dark and leafy bowers.

Distant streams we sweetly singing  
In a deep and muffled strain,  
And the dew was gently flinging  
Pearls of silver o'er the plain.

Golden stars were quaintly peeping  
Through the curtains of the skies  
And the flowers, sweet were sleeping  
'Neath the breezes' lullabies.

At such an hour—no one near me,  
But the root of my heart—  
In tones so low she scarce could hear me,  
I something said that made her start.

Ever since she's loved me dearly,  
And I, too, have done the same;—  
I believe I asked her merely—  
How she'd like to change her name.

### LIFE AND DEATH.

"What is Life, Father?"  
"A Battle, my child,  
Where the strongest lance may fail,  
Where the weakest eyes may be be-  
guiled,  
And the stoutest heart may quail.

And rest not day nor night,  
And the feeble little ones must stand  
In the thickest of the fight."

"What is Death, Father?"  
"The rest, my child,  
When the strife and the toil are o'er,  
And the angel of God, who, calm and  
mild,

Says we need fight no more;  
Who driveth away the demon band,  
Bids the din of the battle cease,  
Takes the banner and spear from our  
fading hand,

And proclaims an eternal Peace."

"Let me die, Father! I tremble; I fear  
To yield in that terrible strife."  
"The crown must be won for Heaven,  
dear.

In the battle-field of life,  
My child, though thy foes are strong and  
tried,  
He loveth the weak and small;  
The Angels of Heaven are on thy side,  
And God is over us all."

### [From the Louisville Journal.] EVENING STAR.

BY LUDIA M. RESO.

Star of eve so brightly shining,  
What's my faith whisper now;  
Shall I linger till Time's finger  
Leaves deep furrows on my brow?

On a grand old hill I'm standing,  
Pearly all around I trace,  
Night's cool breezes touch the tresses,  
Backward from my upturned face.

Whisper, then, for O! I'm lonely.  
I have left the dear ones all—  
Star above me, if thou love me,  
Listen to my earnest call.

Up this steep old hill I've clambered,  
Only to commune with thee,  
But, unheeding, thou art leading  
Onward to the western sea.

Damp the dews of night steal downward,  
Softly on my brow they fall,  
Star above me, if thou love me,  
Thou wilt surely hear my call.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

QUESTIONS WELL ANSWERED.—A  
sophist, wishing to puzzle Thales  
the Milesian, one of the wise men  
of Greece, proposed to him in rapid  
succession the following difficult  
questions. The philosopher replied  
to them all without the least hesi-  
tation, and with how much prop-  
riety and precision, our readers can  
judge for themselves:

What is the oldest of all things?  
God—because he always existed.

What is the most beautiful? The  
world—because it is the work of  
God!

What is the greatest of all things?  
Space—because it contains all: that  
is created

What is the quickest of all things?  
Thought—because in a moment it  
can fly to the end of the universe.

What is the strongest? Necessity  
—because it makes men face all the  
dangers of life.

What is the most difficult? To  
know yourself.

What is the most constant of all  
things? Hope—because it still re-  
mains with man after he has lost  
everything else.

A lady was asked the other  
day why she choose to live a sin-  
gle life, and gravely replied: "I am  
not able to support a husband,  
I wonder why?"

## CARO LEE.

After twenty years wandering in for-  
eign lands, I returned to the home of my  
childhood—a stranger! Mine had been  
a life of adventure; now upon the top-  
most verge of fortune's wheels, anon,  
toiling and sweating beneath the task of  
a cruel taskmaster—a chained slave, I  
had become wearied of life, sick of an  
existence which brought with it nothing  
but misery, (for, at best, my life was a  
miserable one), and, upon the impulse of  
the moment, while treading the gaily  
lined walks of a rich southern city, I de-  
termined to visit once more that little  
spot on earth which I once gloried in  
calling my home. Who can paint the  
pilgrim's feelings as, after a twenty years'  
absence, he again visits the scenes and  
spots where, in childhood, he spent, in  
his sweetest happiness, the long sunny days,  
and gambled away the choicest hours  
of his existence? What pen can picture  
the emotions of that thrilling heart as it  
nears the cherished goal, around which  
every recollection, dear to memory clings  
as the ivy clings around the forest oak?  
Who can describe the feelings upon be-  
holding again those same old hills—those  
broad, green meadows! the same clear,  
babbling brook, and verdant plains!

Tongue nor pen can paint the thrilling  
emotions of the lone wanderer as he  
returns, as the prodigal, to his father's  
home. Yes, I determined to visit  
again my early home. As I entered the  
little village a feeling of deep melan-  
choly came over me—a sad foreboding  
idea seized my mind, this rough, stout  
heart of mine wept bitter, bitter tears of  
sorrow. I am not ashamed to own that  
I wept, though many, many years had  
flashed since my eyes were moistened with  
tears. Who would not have wept!

Those whom I knew and loved were no  
longer numbered with the living, or but  
a very few, at most, their once cher-  
ished forms now silently reposed in peace  
beneath the green sod of yonder grassy  
yard. The wide, shady streets, which  
once echoed the merry laugh of myself  
and companions, now seemed to me  
deserted, though scores of busy men and  
gaily attired women still thronged them  
as of yore. None of these I knew and  
I was a stranger.

It was a June evening—a beautiful,  
bright, fragrant June evening, when I  
laid down my little pack in the village  
inn. The birds were carolling forth their  
happy vespers songs; the cow-boy's merr-  
y whistle echoed among the pine-clad  
hills and verdant plains; the herds and  
flocks were grazing in the green mead-  
ows, when I wended my solitary way to  
the village cemetery. When I left my  
home, years ago, but a few mounds were  
scattered here and there over the beau-  
tiful retreat of the dead; but a few mon-  
uments reared their snowy crests above  
the foliage of the shrubbery that sur-  
rounded them. But what a change!

This spacious yard was now all filled up  
with the narrow homes of those who  
were once filled with life and animation.  
I did not wonder far before I came to  
the grave of one whom I had tenderly  
loved in youth. A plain marble slab,  
with an appropriate inscription marked  
the resting place of the once beautiful  
maiden. It was too much for me; my  
soul could bear to go no farther. That  
maiden was once my playmate, she was  
my companion in all my childish sports,  
and I loved her. Her image had ever been  
present with me in all my wander-  
ings; her idolized form, her face, radiant  
with sweetness, had been ever distinctly  
remembered, and to gaze upon them  
once more was the reason of my return-  
ing to my home again. Nothing but  
this desire—a wish that had ever haunt-  
ed me—could have induced me to re-  
turn to that spot where no friends now  
remained to welcome the wanderer back.  
Foot that I was for ever returning!

I immediately repaired to the inn, and  
there from the lips of an aged gentle-  
man, learned the sad history of her who  
I had so long and tenderly loved. The  
story ran in this wise:

"Lovely and beautiful was that sainted  
maiden, George, and many were those  
who bowed the knee of adoration before  
her queenly form. She excelled in beau-  
ty and grace all other maidens.  
"As the sun rising doth obscure a star,"  
and she was tenderly beloved by all—  
None could help loving her, for she was  
a friend to everybody; her presence dis-  
pelled the cares and gloom from the hov-  
el of want, as the morning mists fly be-  
fore the rising sun; she stood by the  
sick couch and the bed of death, cheer-  
ing and animating the sufferers with  
hope and resignation; in short, George,  
she was our good angel, and more wor-  
shipped by the poor villagers, than the  
God who made us, I fear. Many suit-  
ors supplicated for her hand, but upon  
all she smiled a smile of friendship, and  
nothing more—she accepted none. This  
was Caro Lee, and thus passed the pleas-  
ant days of her youth.

"When she was about seventeen years  
old, her father, a wealthy merchant in  
our village, took into his service, as clerk,  
a young man, a few years Caro's senior,  
of very pleasing address, and remark-  
able personal beauty. Henry Leland  
possessed every charm to win the confi-  
dence and love of a young and confiding  
maiden. He had spent several years  
in the city, in which time his manners  
had received a polish and grace very  
pleasing to those who look for a fair ex-  
terior before looking for the real merit  
if any, which is to be found beneath.

Henry had not been long in the employ  
of Mr. Lee, when he became acquainted

with his beautiful daughter, Caro, and a  
desire at their first meeting, if we may  
believe his own words, entered his breast  
to win the fair jewel.

"Mr. Lee was a business man in the  
strictest sense of the word, and paid much  
more attention to his day-books and led-  
gers than to the affairs of his family—  
He was a sociable old fellow, and as per-  
fectly confiding to those in his employ,  
as to those who stood upon a level with  
him; thus his clerks and laborers were  
as often invited to his house, and as po-  
sitely treated, when there, as the man of  
millions. Henry was not slow to except  
the invitation of Mr. Lee, nor was he  
backward in improving the freedom thus  
granted him. With his handsome per-  
son and oily tongue, his bewitching smile  
and graceful bearing, he was not long in  
making a favorable impression upon the  
tender soul of Caro.

Every art of which he was master was  
practiced by him to win the esteem and love of the pure-  
hearted girl, and at last he was success-  
ful. The tender cord was touched, the  
well-spring of her affections he had  
found; he possessed the key to fortune  
wealth and happiness.

"I need not go through, George, with  
all the particulars of their days of woo-  
ing; of the opposition of Caro's mother  
to their union; the interruptions to  
love's passage, and all this, for it would  
be to you, uninteresting. Suffice it to  
say that they loved each other tenderly  
and well. Mr. Lee thought Henry a ver-  
itable paragon of perfection, and he gave  
his consent readily and willingly to the  
union. All obstacles were now removed  
from between them and perfect bliss,  
and the young and hopeful lovers were  
happy. Now all was bustle in the house  
of Mr. Lee—cooks and dress-makers,  
and servant girls were as busy at their  
respective duties as though each and all  
were to be married too, and everything  
progressed finely. Mr. Lee gave to Henry  
a few weeks in which to make du-  
preparations for his part in the interest-  
ing performance. It was daily improv-  
ed by him, and all went as merrily as  
marriage bells. The day at length ar-  
rived, and Henry Leland and Caro Lee  
were made 'one flesh.' That night the  
rich mansion of Mr. Lee resounded to  
sweet music, to gay laughter and happy  
merry-making. It was a bright and  
joyous scene, and many were the silent  
prayers sent up to the throne of grace  
for the future happiness of the beautiful  
bride.

"A splendid house was purchased for  
the young couple—that's the house con-  
sider, George, hid in those stately elms—  
and Henry became the junior partner  
in the firm of Lee & Leland, merchants.  
Let us pass over just one short year—  
George, and again take up our story—  
In that mansion there—the one to which  
I have just pointed, is heard the auction-  
eer's hammer, and his rapid call of 'who  
bids higher?' He is selling the rich fur-  
niture that once belonged to Henry Le-  
land, but now the property of his num-  
erous creditors. A few months after his  
daughter's marriage Mr. Lee became a  
bankrupt, having engaged in the ruinous  
speculation of land, in which so many  
lost their all. Poverty he could not en-  
dure, and in less than one short month  
from the day of his failure he was car-  
ried to that bottom from whence no trav-  
eller returns. But a few weeks elapsed,  
and Mrs. Lee, who had for many years  
enjoyed but feeble health, followed her  
husband to the grave. Henry could not  
stand the awful shock; the blow almost  
entirely unmanned him. A habit which  
had long been fixed upon him, that of  
indulging in the free use of intoxicating  
liquors, and which had been a profound  
secret to all except his wife, now broke  
out in all its fury, subservient to no re-  
straints, and he, with giant strides, began  
the downward road to ruin. Now not  
a day passed over his head that he did  
not find him intoxicated. His creditors  
seized the whole of his property, and  
now they are selling it to pay off his  
debts.

"In that low, mean hovel, which you  
see standing near the mansion, lies the  
wife of Henry Leland now listening to the  
cry of the auctioneer, death knells to  
the soul of a devoted lover. In her wild delir-  
ium she calls upon Henry to rush from  
the brink of an awful precipice which  
she sees before him; then in accents of  
suppressed grief, begs him to abandon  
the deadly wine. As she lay there up-  
on the brink of eternity Henry entered  
in a state of beastly intoxication. For  
a moment the once beautiful, but now  
emaciated and sorrow worn Caro Lee  
rested calmly; but it was only for a mo-  
ment, and she called upon Henry in  
terrible screams, to fly from the destruc-  
er, to leave his cups. Oh! how fervently  
she prayed, in her widowhood, for  
the angels to come from Heaven and save  
her husband—her Henry, from destruc-  
tion. The stout soul bled as the dying  
girl prayed.

"At this moment the inhuman brute  
rushed to the bed side, breathed a ter-  
rible oath into the ear of his wife, then  
with clenched fist, struck that wife—  
struck that dying woman, her whom  
only one short year ago he swore to love  
and protect! Yes, the fiend, the rum-  
soaked wreck snuck his dying wife!

In the twinkling of an eye Caro was in  
the full possession of her senses, and  
equally soon was the beastly wretch a  
sober man. Oh! what horrors filled that  
man's bosom! What a hell consumed  
his soul! He approached the bed-side  
of his wife; he attempted to place his  
lips upon her cold brow, but she waved  
her hand for him to leave her and Caro

Lee's spirit winged its flight to the bright  
realms of eternal day. That, George,  
was the life and end of Caro, the lovely  
Caro of the wanderer's dreams."

"But what has become of Henry Le-  
land?" I asked.

Just then the old gentleman pointed  
down the street, and directed my atten-  
tion to the meanest, filthiest, and most  
degraded being that eyes ever rested up-  
on. It was the wreck of the once beau-  
tiful Henry Leland. He was an inmate  
of the almshouse, a poor miserable  
drunkard. I had heard and seen en-  
ough; the next morning I took my  
little pack, left the home of my boyhood,  
and have never seen it since.

## Waverly Magazine.

### SENATOR DOUGLAS ABROAD.

We are indebted to the Cleveland  
Plaindealer of the 8th ult. for the fol-  
lowing graphic and minute report of the  
peregrinations, observations and conver-  
sations of Senator Douglas during his  
recent European tour. Of course we  
cannot vouch for the literal accuracy of  
all parts of it—but the Plaindealer says  
it has the report from an "eye wit-  
ness."

### AN AMERICAN SENATOR ABROAD.

It has been known by those gossiping  
tale-bearers, the newspapers, that Sena-  
tor Douglas has been improving the re-  
cesses of Congress by taking a European  
tour, and we learn by these same jour-  
nals, that in a most quiet and unobtru-  
sive way he has visited every city of  
note on the Continent. It is a matter of  
interest every American citizen to know  
how the dynasties of the Old World  
look upon and treat such distinguished  
dignitaries as United States Senators, and  
it is a matter in which all feel a just  
pride when proper respect is shown them  
in the American name.

We have it from those who know  
that Senator Douglas was no obscure  
personage on the other side of the big  
waters. On a tour of observation for  
his own personal improvement, he was  
looked upon by the countries he visited  
as perhaps one of the best representatives  
of American character abroad. He cer-  
tainly so acquitted himself, as may be  
seen by the following incidents, which  
we derive from an eye-witness. On reach-  
ing London he was asked if he would  
like to see the Queen?

"Certainly," said the Senator.

"Then you will have to be presented  
in court-dress, according to the custom  
of the realm," said the messenger.

"Then," said the Senator, "I prefer not  
to see her Majesty, until I can do so in  
the same dress that I can visit an Ameri-  
can President." The Senator did not  
see the Queen.

He visited Scotland, Ireland, Italy,  
and, on his way to Constantinople, visited  
Smyrna the day after Kosztza was  
released. There upon the ground, and  
in possession of all the facts he wrote  
home his views, sustaining the action of  
Capt. Ingraham and the Turkish Gov-  
ernment. He went to Odessa, and from  
thence to St. Petersburg, traveling thence  
2,500 miles of Russian territory. He  
sent his card—Stephen H. Douglas, of  
Illinois, America—to Count Nesselrode,  
the Emperor's Private Secretary. It was  
immediately answered by an invitation  
to meet the Count at his private apart-  
ments, and a long and interesting inter-  
view was the consequence. On leaving  
the Count asked Mr. D. if he had seen  
the Emperor.

He said he had not.

"When will you leave St. Petersburg?"  
asked the Count.

"In a very few days," replied the Sena-  
tor.

"I fear," says the Count, "you will  
not have a chance to see the Emperor,  
as he is very busy reviewing his troops  
about forty miles from the city, which re-  
quires him to come in late and to leave  
early in the morning. I will, however,  
try to get you an audience."

It appears the Count acquainted the  
Emperor with the presence of Mr. D.,  
and the next day the latter received a  
note from the Emperor himself inviting  
him to his headquarters near the place  
of review, stating that he would there  
be met by his staff, and the principle  
dignitaries of his Government, "in full  
dress."

Here the Senator was staggered a lit-  
tle, and asked the Count if it was ex-  
pected he was to adorn his republican  
person in gold lace.

"Not at all," says the Count. "A  
citizen's dress, such as your American  
President receives his guests in, is all that  
is required here."

The next morning he set out with the  
former Secretary of the Russian Legation  
at Washington, and with whom Mr.  
D. had been personally acquainted, to  
the place of rendezvous. Arrived at a  
small village, where they were to stop,  
the Senator and his attendant stopped  
at the hotel door and asked for quar-  
ters.

They were answered by the landlord,  
that every room in his house had been  
taken.

"But I must have a room," says the  
Senator. "



**ARABIAN LINIMENT.**—We would remind our readers that the advertisement of this valuable medicine is changed once a month, and each new statement of its value and success is worthy of their attention. We have had some experience in the use of this curative agent, since it was brought to this place, and can truly say it comes as near performing all that is promised as any thing of the kind we have known offered to the public. This statement is made without the request of the proprietor or any agent.

The New York  *Tribune* has private advices from Mexico, which state that the Government had received official notice of the landing of 200 men from San Francisco at La Paz, in Lower California, who had taken possession of the town, put the commanding general in prison, and declared Lower California independent. Expedition carries a flag with two stars. Great excitement on the subject existed in Mexico. It is believed that Santa Anna will declare himself Emperor.

**Willis Senator therefrom.**

The late Senator Arterton, of

the celestial music will find its way to every ear, and even was able to influence the result. The vibration of the Tubes, (which was accompanied by a series of harmonies) was more complete than is generally supposed. The patients, except the first woman, Poles and they not only recognized the Tune to consist of six distinct notes of their approach but actually accepted them in the scale of death. The cannonade lasted with intermission, twenty-eight hours. The date was a mistake. The affair began in the night between the first and second and lasted to the third.<sup>19</sup>

two-thirds Government and their High Commissioner, supposed to be suspended or ended, in respect to the fisheries and reciprocal trade with the British North American Colonies, promises the most favorable results. It now appears that a project of a Treaty was agreed upon by Mr. MARBY and Mr. CROMWELL in October last, and was sent to the British Government for their ratification. It is supposed that the British Government will ratify it, and it will, in that case be offered to the Senate. The treaty gives us the absolute freedom of all the Fisheries, with right of dry-

The report of the committee shows that the bond debt has been to the sum of \$224,636.67; that the annual interest is now only \$118,723.35. The circulation is reduced \$229,557.

It is to be presumed that the *Chovers* in New York originated also from immigrant vessels, and that fatal city is a recent time in one year, paying a total penalty for the defective health of the

**THE TRUE APPETIZER.** Nature's own sauce for a feeble and inactive stomach, which gives a zest and relish to the poorest meal, is Dr. Houghton's preparation of Gastric Juice, prepared from the Stomach of the Ox, called Pepsin and artificial, but a real production of nature, created for the very pur-







